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NUMBER 53.

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At Reasonable Rates,

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Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

that it is not un

control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the

most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold

free, also pamphlet tell-ing all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Meeting of National Educational

Association,

AT DETROIT.

Excursion Rates to Detroit, Mich., via Ohio Central to Toledo, and rail or boat to Detroit. Tickets on sale July 8th and 9th from points within 150 miles, and on July 6th, 7th and 8th from points over 150 from Detroit, good returning until July 15th, Tickets will be made good returning up to and ncluding Sept. 1st, on payment of fee of 50 cents. The rate will be One Fare Round Trip, plus \$2.00 membership

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CEMENTS

CALCINED PLASTER and all the best grades of

Warehouse and Office:



Children's Eyes

GLASSES.

Two Years and Six Months Old.

SUMMERFIELD, O., Aug. 19, 1890.

I wish to state that when my little boy was two years and six months old. we found that his little eyes were in a bad condition. We had his eyes examined and fitted with glasses by Dr. W. R. Spittle and to our delight found that they were just what he needed and now his eyes are endrely well and much stronger. Dr. Spittle also fitted my own eyes with glasses since then which have given perfect satisfaction.

MRS. RUTH E. OSBORNE.

DR. SPITTLE is located permanenti



Uncle Sam's New Milepost.



map. There was a chip on Uncle Sam's shoulder, and if that bad boy, Johnny Bull, was looking for trouble where it the twentieth century is a memorable one in many all he had to do was to knock that chir respects. The day, one off and then-why, then Mamma Britanthe greatest in the world's history because it is liberty's birthday, is n lusty infant of only 125 years of age, and yet this asty infant has read its world famed

Declaration of Independence, declaimed its patriotic speeches, fired its hundred guns at sunrise and flung its starry banner to the breeze in three centuries.

In the eighteenth century it had but 13 stars in the blue union of that banner, typical of the 13 original states that ounded the deathknell of taxation without representation and proclaimed to the world that all men were created free and

equal and were possessed of the inaliena-ble rights of life, liberty and the pursuit ineteenth, the 13 stars were replaced by 45, typical of the 45 states, and the nation grew to be one of the strongest, richest and most enlightened nations of the it looks back upon a brief but wonderful past and with straining, impatient, ambious, undaunted eyes gazes toward a nore wonderful future. Compared with the "glory that was

Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" our mighty republic is in age but a babe n arms, but beyond a doubt it is not lacking in self satisfaction, self reliance and the self consciousness that it already is he greatest nation that has been created since history was first made. Greece was great for many centuries, Rome for a ousand years, and, while the giant in fant among the republics of the western emisphere is but a paltry century and a quarter in age, there is strength in youth and weakness and decadence in old age

when nations are put to the test.

Except for the fact that July 4, 1901, marks the celebration of liberty's natal day in three centuries, there is little about the first Fourth of the twentieth century to distinguish it from the last Fourth of the nineteenth century. In fact there have been few changes in the celebration in the past quarter of a century. The small boy burns tons of powder in his deadly toy pistol, in his little cannon and in his nuperous bunches of firecrackers; he also shoots off innumerable torpedoes and burns miles of punk and fingers; the local military, the firemen and the secret so-cieties parade, headed by the city fathers n carriages; athletic young men engage n sack races, foot races, bicycle races hold on to dat rocket while and other contests; the immortal Declara- I lighted it!" Non is read to an audience one-tenth of whom hear what the reader says; there are a patriotic oration and a grand ball

and fireworks in the evening.

The most notable change in the cele bration of the twentieth century's first Fourth is the change that has taken place in patriotic oratory. From the close of the Revolution to the beginning of the Spanish-American war the Fourth of July orator who knew his business turned oose the floods of his somewhat florid rhetoric upon Great Britain, the traditional enemy of the young republic. His main theme included glorification of the "embattled farmers," the men of 1776, the heroes of the navy and the signers of the Declaration of Independence and de-nunciation of the British tyrant who had Boy-1 endeavored to fasten his yoke upon the know all about it in a minnecks of America's patriots. It was also ute or to without axin quite apt to include a few words to the questions.

effect that if Great Britain wanted an-

other round or two she would be accomthat before the fracas was more than half over John Bull's tight little isle, the Dominion of Canada and in all probability Australia itself would be wiped off the

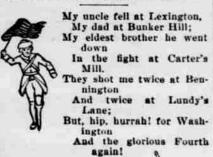
nia would do well to ring for an ambu lance at once.

The republic had had a little trouble with

France and the Barbary pirates, and it had had a little more trouble with Mexfavor of the greater foe that had forced upon it the Revolution and the war of 1812; the foe that had made desolate American farms and villages and that had sacked and burned the nation's capital. And when the Fourth of July orator got ready to open fire he naturally went gunning for the British lion.

Year after year, decade after decade, he the royal beast continued to be a popular sport until the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, when Great Britain checked an unpleasant tendency toward interference on the part of various powers of Europe which deeply sympathized with Spain. This friendly attitude at once caused the orator's aim to be de-flected. Since the Fourth of July, 1898, he has sought other game, and the first Fourth of the twentieth century finds im still somewhat suspicious perhaps, but ready to let the lion go about his business unmolested so long as "Leo" is a good lion and doesn't meddle too much with the plans for the isthmian canal. WILLIAM WALTERS.

FOURTH OF JULY SPARKS.



"Why, Linda, all I dun



Old Gentleman-My son, Boy-I can, sir, but you'll tnow all about it in a minte or to without axin testions.

Yankee Way. to find willing volunteers to be knocked down as luckless Britons.



Disorder and anarchy were about the mildest evils that the doubtful or maley-

olent predicted for the untion which should try to run without a king. Per haps the Yankees who tossed the te overboard as a notice to King George to throw up his job as policeman though hey could behave better with the club and uniform out of sight. Sometimes the symbols of authority are irritating, and this is especially the case where the clu is held by an inferior over a superior. Since the red conted policeman took his onttered club and broken bones across the water there hasn't been any disorder is the land of the free and the home of the brave worth mentioning in comparison with that which has kept King George'

successors busy in all parts of their dithree-quarters of a century after the old bell of Carpenters' hall flung out the glad poeun to liberty, the poet laurente of Vie. psean to liberty, the poet laureate of Vic-toria wrote-There the common sense of most shall hold a fret

as a picture of the faroff future, a futur of airy navies, of the heavens filled with

Monarchial Europe doesn't want to glorify the republic which long ago made fact of the poetic ideal. It will neknowledge American genius, power and character, but not the primary cause of them. To wait for foreign approval of the American system of self government is to expect "figs from thistles and grapes from thorns." These United States have not only thrived without the approval and encouragement of monarchial powers, but in the face of their opposition. Another bugbear for the prophets of Revolutionary times was uncurbed human ambition. Adventurers would seize the

reins and become despots, they said. Since then Europe has had Napoleon, Bismarck, the Alexanders and Nicholases and the Wilhelms of Germany. Uprisings have shaken every throne on continent and crowned heads have fallen before their fury. But free America has never impeached a ruler and the two assassinated fell not for despotism. It is surely unnecessary to analyze the

love of country so freely displayed on the Fourth of July. Neither king nor dy-nasty is behind it. No one can tell whence it is nor why it is. If challenged to a show down, the Yankee patriot patches up any old thing that spells liberty, and there you are. The world is L. LANGDON LEE. outclassed.

A Day With A Happy Past.



of the twentieth cen tury small boy will take the field this Fourth of July to show how the day was celebrated before the war. By the help of tradition they can bring the century into the picture. When the day is over, who will undertake to prove that small boy of 1901 has enjoyed more fun to the inch or shot away more flesh or exploded more breath shouting for libthan his great-great-granddaddy did

just 100 years ago?

This is not saying that the small boy of today is slow, that he isn't up to date and way ahead of the Continental urchin who never saw a steam engine, a gaslight, electric lamp or bicycle. But the lad in knickerbockers was nearer to the natal day of old Columbia. He heard the echoes of the guns of the Revolution, and the smell of its British killing battle pow der was floating on the virgin air.

Then the youngster of 1801 had plenty of time to be patriotic and maybe he took a week or a month to it, for he traveled far to reach other boys, his neighbors and ousins. His school lessons were confine mastering the three R's, and he hadn't e attractions of football, baseball and hell rowing to fill in the gap of amuse nents. The village fife and drum corppracticed at the crossroads tavern daily and almost all night for a week, and the unquiet feeling which those spirited strains threw into the heels and toes of the small boy kept him waltzing on air til he dropped, a climax usually reached about an hour forward or backward from

As for firecrackers, punk, rockets and all those sizzling, burning and popping contrivances, let any celebrator of 190 who thinks he is a pioneer in the shooting line ask the granddaddies looking on it they and their granddaddies got off on the Fourth with sound fingers, whole eye brows and eyes right side up in the sock ets. And the guns and the cannon at the grandfathers' swords! These las didn't make any racket to speak of, bu they graced the day, all polished an bright, arousing more envy than any other relics of the war which gave the

Fourth an excuse for its noise.

Not only guns and swords, but Continental hats, frock coats, knee breeches and spurs came from their hiding in at-tic chests to be aired and paraded on the day of days. Fun and patriotism joined hands. The more patriotism the mor

fun, and vice versa. Imposing pageantry was a feature al-ways popular and easily provided. Young men were eager to march or stand arous all day so long as they could be decked in old military trappings, a hat for one, a coat for another, a sword here and a flintlock musket there. Sham battles were fought, and Lexington and Bunker Hill came out as sweeping victories for the Continentals. The only trouble

Cannon, all powder black and battered, from Bunker Hill and Monmouth, roared EMOCRACY, triumphant from the knoll where the flagpole stood. in America, may now If ever the stock of powder ran out besmile at the croakers who
pitied or denounced the
dreamers of 1776. "Pokets from Bennington, Saratoga and litical freedom, self gov. Yorktown were taken from their slings ernment, popular sover and fired in rotation by all the descendeignty; what folly!" said ants of the Continental soldiers who had

a chorus all along the line from autocrats used them on the redcoats.
in palaces to theorists in the bare attics. In a great degree the long civil war



Made freedom's cause o'er all the world their

And, free, not wish that others should be free? Behold the oppressed pursue their thorny road, Unmoved, not wishing they like us should be? No! Freedom's flame was made to light the world

Twas not for self alone our fathers fought Against their hireling foes at Lexington.
For the first volley fired—aye, the first shot—
Round the world echoed and still echoes on.

To fight and conquer on the flood and field imbued their sons when Spanish pride aspired

Then shattered fleet, once Spain's, Cervera's pride

Twill not forget through all the coming years. That freemen fight, though warfare is unsought,

A Red Letter Fourth.

BY PERCIE W. HART.

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E express train was nearly an hour behind time The engineer was doing his best to make up for it, and the telegraph poles paraded past the car win-dows at a lively rate. Day coach 929, at about the center of the long train, had few empty and no spare room in parcel racks. Even the floor spaces were piled up. Cardboard boxes and paper covered packages in all conceivable shapes and sizes were everywhere. Near one end of the car an extremely pretty girl and a sturdy looking young man were sitting together talking and laughing like old acquaintances. Every now and then some of the other passengers, females particularly, would gaze at them indignantly, but such gazers were in a decided minority. Heaven bless the car builders who make the windows so hard to put up or down and the parcel racks so inconvenient! But enough of that. The special young couple of whom we are treating were enjoying themselves hugely after the enforced silence and loneliness of the past hours.

Their conversation had already ranged through the various stages of the weather, scenery and late books and was now tending toward the shoals of personalities. The first remark of this character which need interest us was made by the young

"How much farther are you going?" he chanced to "A-a little way," replied the maid hesitatingly. "Oh, I beg your pardon! I should not have asksuch an"-

'I'm going to Vittoria." "Why, so am I!" "I have been invited to spend the Fourth with e family of my dearest girl friend."
"My people are old residents of Vittoria. I'm going home for the boliday myself. Perhaps we

may have the pleasure of seeing something of one another there," went on the young man blandly. "Do—do you happen to know the Campbells?" queried the girl timidly. "Well, rather," retorted her male companion juntly. "They're my folks, and"—
"You don't mean to tell me that you are Jack-

er-Mr. Jack Campbell?" demanded the beauty. opening her eyes to the fullest. "Nobody else," replied the young man, and he went on mischievously: "I'll bet a cooky that you are Flossie Dempster. I'm right, I see. It makes me mad to think how many more hours we might have entertained one another on this journey if we

"I don't think you would be nearly so"— The girl HE PROCEEDED TO EXTRACT blushed a rosy red and came to an abrupt halt.
"Why don't you finish? I'll be more frank. All

ny sister has ever told and written me about you-and she doesn't begin to do you justice."

made up my mind to be very cool toward Mr. Jack Campbell when we actually

"Pray, don't inconvenience yourself, Miss Dempster," put in the young man in dignified tones. "We can be just as icy as you like to one another before the folks. I'll guarantee to do my part if you'll do yours."

"Really. Now, that will be just lots of fun. Won't it be great to make them all think we don't see much in one another, when—when"—

To what this most injudicious conversation might have tended must remain a mystery. At this instant, interrupting alike the hasty words of Jack Campbell as well as the commonplaces of the other occupants of the car, the airbrakes were suddenly applied, and with much harsh grinding and a succession of bumping crashes the train slowed down to a standstill. The shock threw the passengers about in their cushioned seats as if they were the principles in a sort of cun and about in their cushioned seats as if they were the principles in a sort of cup and ball game. Nor was this all. Amid a confusion of excited cries and ejaculations, rendered still more nerve shattering by the shrill hissing accompaniment of the relaxing brakes, the

paying the slightest attention to the eager ques-tionings of the clamorous passengers he proceeded to extract the red painted tools legibly marked "For Fire Use Only." from their racks. Scarcely had he accomplished this feat when he threw the ax. crowbar and saw to the floor and literally danced

"What's the matter?" he went on, at length deigning to hear the eager questionings of those about him. "Why, a gang of train robbers are coming to bold us up, and there ain't a gun in our

Some of the women screamed, and a few of the males made noises that were not mirthful. Jack Campbell put one arm protectingly around Flossie Dempster's trim waist, and the girl nestled close up 'Yes, that's just it," continued the indignant

conductor. "They've got a barricade across the track about a quarter of a mile ahead. As luck would have it, Ben saw the thing in time and so CLEAN BOWL AT NINEPINS. prevented our being ditched. The cusses are loping down the track toward us now, every varmint of them with a Winchester over his shoulder. And there's \$40,000 in the express safe, not to mention your own boo dle, watches and jewelry. Why don't we back away from them? Great jinks! Do you imagine we can bring up so short without throwing the gear out of kilter? We can't move an inch. But if we only had a few guns to do some shooting with on our own account we'

"I don't know about guns," shouted Jack Campbell at this instant, "but we happen to be loaded down with explosives and ammunition." And he pointed dramatically around at the numerous packages of fireworks that cluttered the car. "It's a few hours too early, I know," he went on, "but we might as well cele-

brate this Fourth by bombarding a gang of desperadoes as"—

His comparison was lost in the bustle of a general rush for parcels. Strings and paper wrappings flew everywhere unheeded. Sticks of punk, convenient to hand, appeared to have ignited themselves on a second's notice, so miraculously were they distributed around. Even the ladies were not behindhand in the bel ligerent work. Nor were those all. One benevolent looking old gentleman produced a huge cardboard mortar and commenced

disregard of trajectory rules. The bandits, now close up alongside of the ocomotive and summoning the engineer and fireman to descend and be secured, were disagreeably surprised by their reception. He who seemed to be their leader received the pointed end of a fast traveling rocket full in the pit of his stomach and took no further interest in the proceedings. One of the best aimed of the elderly gentleman's bombs exploded directly among the miscreants and would have blown them all to pieces most likely if they had been respectable citizens celebrating upon their own front lawns. Being worthless villains, how-ever, it merely knocked them over like a clean bowl at ninepins and incidentally terrified them so much that they were temporarily out of their senses and forgot everything except the instincts of self preservation. Whether they imagined that they had inadvertently happened upon a military armed and armored train instead of the peaceful mail express they had expected is scarcely pertinent. At any rate, the whole gang turned tail, THAN AT made toward where their horses were tethered and galloped off.

dropping bombs among the enemy with an entire

It was high time. Another two minutes of the erratic warfare would probably have suffocated the entire carload of passengers.

However, the excitement gradually subsided, and the pyrotechnists once again found themselves back in the dull realities of civilization, receiving the mingled congratulations and commiserations of their fellow travelers. A sorry looking spectacle the lately gallant group now presented—faces and hands blackened, clothes and hair singed and all villainously redolent of burned chemical fumes. To give but a pair of examples: The recently immaculate Jack now more nearly resembled a soft coal shoveler than anything else, while Flossie was only a shade whiter, and her dainty frock was burned and scorched and blackened to its complete ruin as a fashionable article of dress. While waiting for the wrecking train and new engine general cleaning up was attempted, but the toilet facilities being limited contents of the travelers' handbags and the ice water from the drinking tanks the results were not wholly Chesterfieldian.

Several hours later the youthful pair drove up to the paternal residence of Jack Campbell in a closed carriage. The greetings from the assembled family were naturally boisterous.

"How did you two get acquainted?" "Land sakes!" "And we were just dying to see you meet one another."

venture with the train robbers, and Jack was suspiciously enthusiastic and kissed and greeted his mother, sister and aunt most effusively.
"Oh, mamma," shricked little Ransford, pointing elflike with one chubby finger, "your mouth and Julia's mouth and Aunt Hester's mouth are all black where

Our hero quickly put his fingers to his mustache and drew them back all discolored from the thick coating of soot still remaining among the hairs.

"And, mamma," went on the urchin, "Flossie's wouth is blacker than any of

Many more similar remarks were made. Flossie Dempster related their ad-

